

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "Executioner's Dream"

(feat. J-Treds)

"Infinite...no you don't fuck around with the infinite  
There's no way you do that  
Pain in hell has two sides, the kind you can touch with your hand  
The kind you can feel in your heart  
Your soul, the spiritual side  
And you know, the worst of the two...is the spiritual"

*[Jus Allah:]*

I'm leaf-twisted, but still kill your whole belief system  
I speak wisdom, translated to street diction  
A past victim of the governmental grapple  
Now I slash you, I'm the slave wit snapped shackles  
After cash rules, a-alikes move wit me  
We murdered the fakes involved in the 360  
85 face the truth, you're too dumb  
You burn at failed attempts reachin' the sun  
I grab you and squeeze until your pores bleed  
Manipulate the Earth that you formerly believed  
Even after you're buried underneath the soil  
Send a message to Hell, nobody grieve for you  
Your physical mass is converted into ash  
Allah's wrath is engraphed on your epitaph  
Spend eternity wit the underground forces  
Your screams echo in deaf ears of the remorseless

"You don't even wanna test"

"Uh-uh-oh, you wanna kill more, God bless"

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*[Vinnie Paz:]*

The rhyme mangler, seven angels of Angular  
Strangle the pagans who stayed in the pages of Diameter  
Rhyme shatterer, with nine rhymes I'm hackin you  
The author will scorch ya wit the torture of Josef Mengele  
Sendin' you to the squared circle to meet me  
To beat me won't be easy, you'll face theses of Nietzsche  
Blood'll apease me, raps are prehistorical  
Cerebral a cathedral that leads you into the oracle  
I'm horrible, I burn wit no time to react  
Rewind DAT's so fine I pull spines out the back  
In time I crack minds that's what the brain desire  
Messiah pulls a pariah into the rain of fire  
Barb wire around pagans that read the Bible  
Genocidal and liable to just cleave your spinal  
Final hours, the forbidden fruit they find desirous

Study rappers, bringin' wackness like Cabalah scholars  
First in line to try to battle me, I left him limbless  
Tragic rappers just a fallacy, I left 'em skinless  
Beginners, keep your distance because we might be vicious  
You can find me wit Louis Logic drinkin' pints of Guinness

"You don't even wanna test"  
"Uh-uh-oh, you wanna kill more, God bless"

*[J-Treds:]*

Ayo when I rhyme  
Fortunately some say I possess a Jedi Mind  
So the force is with me (When I rhyme)  
Son it makes me spit a fresh one  
So when Treds is done, even a atheist will say I blessed him  
And when my jam bang, better cop that  
Fuck all these players who can't hang, get a jockstrap  
'Cause we drop bombs, better be scared  
'Cause it's either hop on or be prepared for us to lock horns  
We engage, when the pen sprays we wage war  
And then you know what they say, when it rains it pours  
So face us, 'cause you can't change the laws of nature  
We independent, it's competition callin' us major  
We major threats who deliver, so place your bets  
We'll bring it minus the Moet, Rollies and Avirex  
We just spit shit too amazing, just shit  
That when you face it you'll see it's a must-win situation  
Ain't no second chance (Anyway), not next to the champs  
Because it's our freestyle that's gettin' grants from the NEA  
We well endowed versus these rappers we tell about  
( 'Cause us and them) Difference between takin' a L and a bow

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